

The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. Among those present are their daughter, Tricky, her friend, Bobe Cowles, Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendie Braddock and Mrs. Allison Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is mentioned in many of the release from prison of the president of the Riverton Bank after serving four years of a twenty-year sentence for conversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe headache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who expresses his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She sees a face at the window which fills her with terror, the significance of which is not revealed. Swarthmore has killed Tricky, who says she abhors him. Mrs. Hartshorne is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting French maid, Matilde. Detective Paul Harvey, Chief Burke, Coroner Cravenshaw and a policeman arrive on the scene. Matilde is questioned after recovering from a fainting spell. The officers believe she is concealing information from them. They bring out various facts by the questioning of servants and other witnesses. Mrs. Hartshorne's peculiarity in keeping large sums of money loose about her house; her carelessness with her jewelry; the fact that she received a gift of a string of pearls as a gift the night before the murder; her intimacy with Swarthmore. Harvey goes to the home of the Gaylors, friends of Mrs. Hartshorne's.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The chief had been right in one observation at least; the next step in the investigation must be to discover with whom Mrs. Hartshorne left the Ledyard residence, and when.

"Is Mrs. Taylor at home?" he demanded of the supercilious butler when he had reached his destination.

The latter looked somewhat dubiously from the card on his salver to the young man. He hesitated for a moment.

"Mrs. Taylor can see no one," he announced at length, chillingly. "She has nothing whatever to say."

"I am not a representative of the press," Paul interrupted him brusquely. "Please say that this is a matter of the utmost importance. If not Mrs. Taylor, then must see a member of her immediate family."

His manner brooked no denial. The butler, after another appraising glance, turned upon his heel and disappeared up the stairs. As if raised in discussion, came to Paul's ears, and several minutes passed before the butler returned and reluctantly ushered him into a small reception room at the rear of the hall. Paul seated himself at a small table, and when his feet had foundered upon the stairs and a chubby, round-eyed young man with a suspicion of down upon his upper lip and palpable nervousness in his manner appeared in the doorway.

"The mother is indisposed," he announced. "Is there anything that I can do for you? I am Frederick Gayler."

"Thank you, Mr. Gayler. I won't detain you long," Paul bowed. "My name is on the card which you are holding. I should add that I am from New Headquarters."

"Police?" The youthful Freddie started like a frightened colt. Then, with an assumption of dignity, he drew himself up and demanded: "What is your business here?"

"Simply to ask you a few questions, Mr. Gayler. Of course, you need not answer them if you prefer not to do so, but I am in charge of the investigation into the sudden death of Mrs. Allison Hartshorne, and it is necessary to me that her friends would like to co-operate with me in avoiding as much notoriety as possible."

"Notoriety? Lord, yes," Freddie groaned. "That's what has broken mother all up—Mrs. Hartshorne's death. I mean, of course, I really don't know why we should be dragged into it. We know absolutely nothing."

"You will realize, however, that it is imperative for us to trace Mrs. Hartshorne's movements last evening," Paul interrupted him suavely. "She is known to her friends, and if you will answer my questions frankly it will obviate the necessity of Mrs. Gayler's taking the witness stand at the inquest."

"Witness stand? The matter?" Freddie's eyes goggled with horror. "It would kill my father. I'll tell you what I'll do: that is, if you really are from the police, I've been fooled twice today by reporters."

Paul displayed his credentials from the chief, then launched his first question briskly.

"What time did Mrs. Hartshorne arrive last evening?"

"At a quarter to eight; we dined at eight, you know."

"Who else was present?"

"Just the Waaghtons and the Harringtons and my father and mother; we all went on together afterward to the Ledyards' Red Cross dance."

"Did you all leave there together?"

"No. The Waaghtons went home early—couldn't stand the crush—and the Harringtons stayed later than we did. Mother had suggested to Mrs. Hartshorne at dinner that I take her home, but she had promised some one else, she didn't say whom."

"At what time did you reach the dance, Mr. Gayler?"

"It couldn't have been much before half past ten; we only wanted to put in an appearance for an hour or two. I danced the first dance with her."

"Freddie's round cheeks paled. 'God! Think of it! And in a little while she was dead!'"

"Did her manner seem quite as usual during the evening?"

"Well, no," Freddie hesitated. "I understand what you mean, of course, but it was quite the other way around. I assure you, Mrs. Hartshorne couldn't have had the slightest premonition of what was going to happen later, for she was more light-hearted and gay than I have ever seen her."

"After the first dance with her did you observe who her later partners were?"

"Well, every one in our set crowded around, of course, and her card was filled in a twinkling. The young man shifted nervously in his chair."

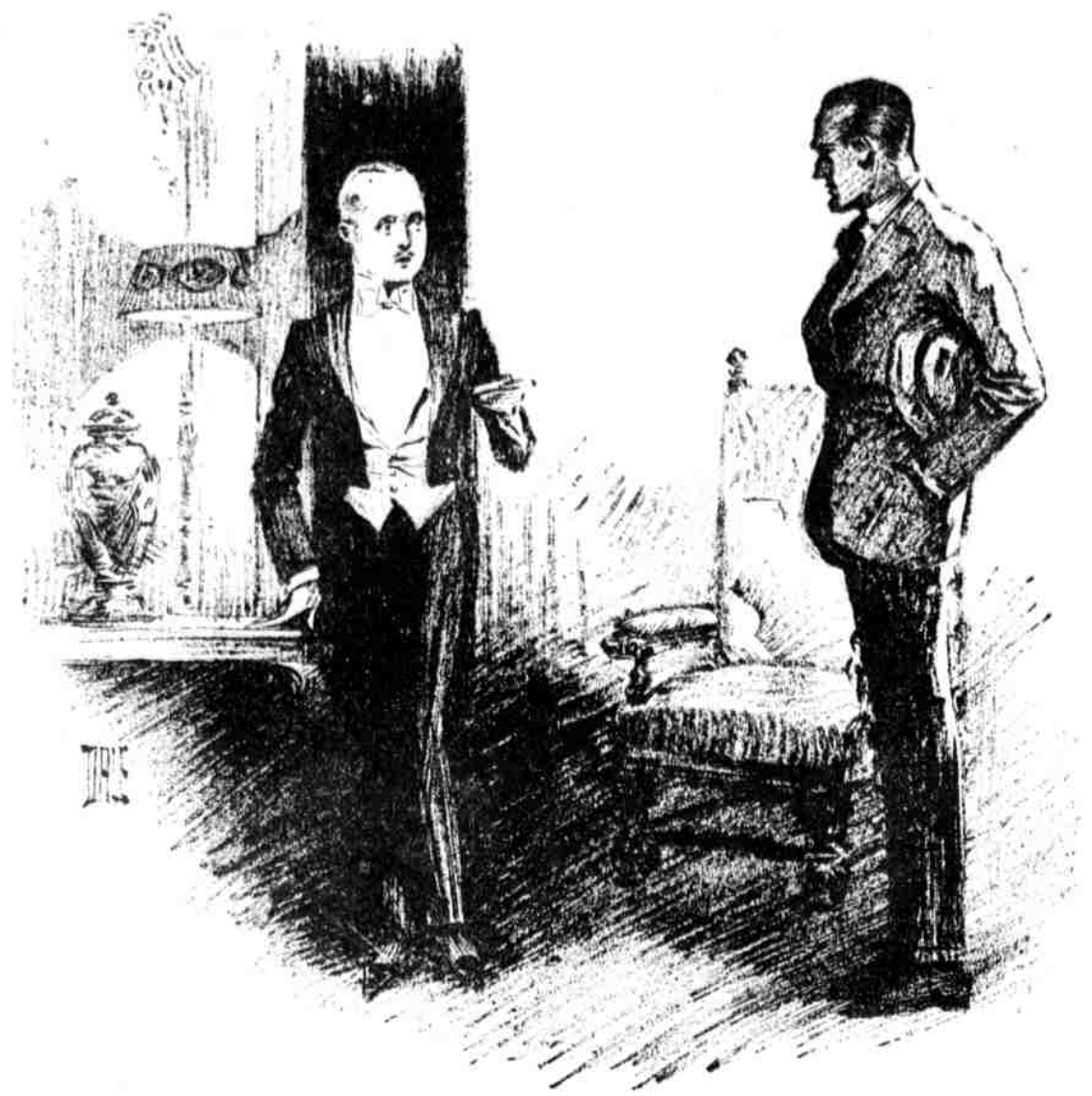
"With whom did she dance immediately after you?"

"She didn't dance; she sat it out."

"A faint twinkle lighted Freddie's eyes for a moment. 'Old Wendie Braddock isn't keen on the light fantastic.'"

"So Mr. Braddock was her next partner. And after him?"

"I—I really couldn't say. There was a fearful crush in the ballroom, you know. I caught an occasional



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glimpse of her during the next hour, but I don't remember seeing her after that."

"The next hour," repeated Paul meditatively. "That would be about half past eleven, wouldn't it? What time was the supper served?"

"At midnight."

"And you did not see her then?" Freddie squirmed.

"I don't remember; I don't think I did. I was seated at a corner table, anyway, facing the wall, and I didn't give more than a casual glance around at the supper room."

"With whom were you seated?" "Mrs. Cowles and the Harringtons."

"Was Mrs. Cornelius Swarthmore among those who crowded around after the first dance to greet Mrs. Hartshorne?"

"Freddie's immaculate shirt front crackled with the sharp intake of his breath.

"Suppose so; I don't think I noticed."

"Mr. Gayler," Paul rose. "As I told you, my only object in coming here was to avoid bringing unpleasant notoriety upon any one, but if you prefer to wait until the inquest—"

"I don't know why you should pick on me," broke in Freddie sulkily. "I don't want to be made out a cad by dragging other fellows' names into a mess of this sort. Why don't you ask Swarthmore yourself?"

Paul replied to the question with another.

"There is a special reason, then, why you are reluctant to mention Mr. Swarthmore in connection with Mrs. Hartshorne?"

"Certainly not!" A dull red crept over Freddie's round countenance and he added in native haste: "You'll find it out anyway, I suppose. It's been common talk in our set for weeks that he was more than usually interested in Mrs. Hartshorne; I presume you knew it already or you wouldn't have brought his name up. Yes, he was one of the first to ask for a dance."

"And he seemed surprised and hurt when she put him off. They had a little playful quarrel about it, as I remember."

"Did you see them together later?" "No. Swarthmore left in about an hour; at least, I saw him making his way to the cloakroom."

"Did you speak to him?" "No. I was seated on the stairs with—a young lady, when he came out from the ballroom and made a dive through the crush."

"As if he were in a hurry?" "Bonds of perspiration stood now on Freddie's brow.

"No! As if he were furiously angry, if you want to know. But it had nothing to do with Mrs. Hartshorne, I'm sure."

"That makes you certain, Mr. Gayler?" "That makes you certain, Mr. Gayler?"

"Because in the ballroom doorway he collided with Wendie Braddock. They most civilly enough as a rule, when social exigencies demand it, although they've fought each other financially tooth and nail. But last night—"

"Last night," prompted Paul as the young man faltered.

"Well, Neely Swarthmore has a brute of a temper, you know. It's

common knowledge that he once beat one of his polo ponies to death for a mislay. Possibly an incident occurred yesterday to add the last straw to his enmity. At any rate, when Wendie Braddock shouldered him in the jam at the ballroom door something seemed to flame right up into his face. I thought for a moment he was going to forget Braddock's age and where they were and strike the older man. But he didn't; after that flash of rage he just threw back his head and laughed in Braddock's face. A nasty, sneering laugh. Then he bolted."

"And Mr. Braddock?" "He acted as though he didn't even see him. Whatever the deal was, Braddock must have gotten the best of it, for he went about beaming on everybody last night, more pompous than ever and exultant, like a sort of side-whiskered Monte Cristo."

"You did not actually see Mr. Swarthmore depart?" "No, I'm not hedging now, Mr. Harvey. I don't even know that he went to the cloakroom, only in that direction; he was swallowed up in the crush."

"Did you see Mrs. Hartshorne after that?" "Was she still as unaffectedly light-hearted?"

"Freddie gazed wide-eyed at his interrogator and his voice sank to a whisper. "No, I did not see Mrs. Hartshorne again."

"Lies. A string of pearls, I think you said?" Mr. Webster, senior member of the firm of Webster & Weil, jewelers, took off his glasses, wiped them methodically on a small square of cloth and replacing them, stared hard at the young man with the ingratiating smile who stood before him in his private office. "Sold on Thursday last?"

"Delivered on Thursday," the smile faded abruptly as Paul added: "Mr. Webster, you cannot pretend that a transaction of such magnitude has slipped your mind. Thirty-odd thousand dollars is not paid every day for a bauble even in such an establishment as yours. Harry Donnell, one of your special messengers, is known to have delivered it at the Farragut street house at half-past six on that day, and the case in which it came has your firm name stamped on the satin lining of the cover. That string of pearls was about Mrs. Hartshorne's neck when her body was discovered. I want to know who purchased them."

Mr. Webster stroked his chin reflectively. "You place me in an extremely difficult position here, Mr. Harvey; the name's extremely difficult," he said at last. "Much of our business is of a semi-confidential nature, and especially under these tragic circumstances our client would be highly injured."

"Not half as injured as you will find the chief of police if you attempt to withhold information from him," Paul interrupted blandly. "The next time a thief like Van Vreenken succeeds in substituting spurious stones for your best diamonds under the very eye of your stout detectives you will find it no easy task to enlist the aid of the department."

"Thank you, Mr. Webster," he said quietly. "that is all I wanted to know."

Out in the flood of spring sunshine once more, Paul made his way to the Ledyard residence as if in a daze. Freddie Gayler's statement on the previous evening had received surprising confirmation. Several points that had eluded the detective were now plain to him, but the next phase led to a chain of reasoning he was not prepared to accept.

NEW LIBRARIAN AT PENN

Asa Don Dickinson Succeeds Dr. Morris Jastrow at University

Asa Don Dickinson was named today as the new Librarian at the University of Pennsylvania. The announcement was made by Provost Edgar Fahs Smith.

He takes the place of Dr. Morris Jastrow, who resigned this post to devote his entire time to his professional and Semitic languages.

Doctor Jastrow held these combined positions for many years, but found that his increasing duties with the library interfered with his other work.

Mr. Dickinson comes to Pennsylvania with very high recommendations from the many institutions he has served. He has been the Librarian for the State College of Washington, at Pullman, Wash.; Union College and Leavenworth Free Library and the Punjab Library for the Government of India.

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DAILY NOVELETTE

MAKE-BELIEVE

By Elizabeth Lyons

THE sun was pouring streams of light on the little gray cottage on the highlands, the sunshine of golden August. Through the giant elms sifted the yellow beams, making dancing checkers on the weather-beaten roof.

In answer to a familiar whistle, which echoed through the valley, the sole occupant of the house suddenly appeared in the doorway. The girl had brilliant dark eyes and fluffy black hair that wisped from under a dainty white cap. The short sleeves of a bright gingham revealed the delicate tan of her well-formed arms. Standing behind the pink ramblers on the porch, she reminded one of an ideal peasant girl, capable and charming.

She paused; then without waiting for a repetition of the silvery call she cupped her hands into a trumpet and called clearly an answering halloo. The whistle sounded nearer now, and over the hedges approached the bowed figure of the girl's father. She saw him now as he came into the lane, his gaunt hands clutching two milk pails. Soon he was within talking distance, and she turned to hold the door for him and his heavy burden.

"Well, Mollie, it's a hard time for both of us. We haven't a drop of milk to give you," he added, smiling into her saddened face.

She turned away with a low "No." Then in a few minutes she cheerily announced supper. The table was dimly lit in the dusk of the heavy crockery, and the old man enjoyed her companionship, though few words were spoken.

The simple repast over, Samuel Boden took his pipe and Mollie took her knitting to the stoop near the well. The sun was now sinking behind Cherry Mountain, and the two silently watched the gradual changing of the rose and yellow shading in the heavens and on Echo lake, in the valley. Mollie's fingers flew swiftly, endeavoring to hide her emotions, though with little success.

She stopped knitting. She clasped her father's hand.

"What was that?" "A soft pad-paddling on the crisp leaves came to the man's ears.

"Well, I reckon it may be a bear, or it may be a deer. You didn't think it was?"

"It is, it is! I'm sure it is! Oh, dad! I knew he'd come. Oh!"

A few seconds proved her to be right. From the woods nearby bounded a handsome Airleide.

"Rex," she called softly. "Rex, Rex," she whispered, throwing her arms around the panting dog.

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes to her father.

"Oh, dad, I knew he'd come. Look! D. B. is so plain on his collar. He can't be far off. And see; what is this?"

Scratched on the back of the collar were the words, "Mollie, I've come." Samuel Boden's voice shook with emotion.

"Well, little Moll, you won't have to make believe with me any longer."

The old man turned and limped slowly toward the house. The girl rose. A long silvery halloo broke the stillness; a distant whistle answered from the ledges. She sank back again on the stoop and turned to the moon and the mist on her feet. As she patted his soft back her fingers outlined the service and wound stripes which had been sheared on his coat.

"Oh, Rex, you've been with him all during those two long years—all the time I've been waiting here, waiting. But now he's coming back to me. And I thought he was never to return. They told me so, but I wouldn't believe."

Hark! A twig snapped in the pathway and a tall, stalwart form emerged from the wooded depths. A moment and she was held in a close embrace.

"Mollie, darling! Mollie—"

Two hours later inside the little cottage David told of the two years of separation, Mollie nestling close in adoring silence.

"And," he concluded, "I landed here just a week ago and came up here to the mountain just as fast as I could."

"Oh, David, to think," murmured Mollie, "how long I've made believe!"

The next complete novelette—House Hunting.

Will Be Columbus Day Orator at Academy of Music

A. Mitchell Palmer, United States attorney general and custodian of alien property during the period of war, will be the Columbus Day orator in this city on Monday evening, October 13, in the Academy of Music.

Mr. Palmer accepted the invitation extended to him by a committee, representing the Knights of Columbus of Philadelphia, in charge of arranging a memorable celebration of the 425th anniversary of the discovery of America.

JUSTICE IN AUTO CRASH

White Refuses to Prosecute Driver of Other Car

Boston, Mass., Sept. 25.—Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme court, refused to prosecute a motorist whose machine crashed into one in which the chief justice was riding.

The head of the Supreme Court was giving as his reason that he did not wish to delay his return to Washington. The chief justice escaped injury.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"FLYING FEATHERS"

(Peggy and Billy fly to the north in feather air boats to seek the lost little ones of the King of the Wild Geese. They find their parents have searched everywhere except in a village of Red Trappers.)

In the Trappers' Pens

BILLY and Peggy steered their feather airboats toward the village of the red trappers. The King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose held back a moment, their old dread of the trappers being strong. But when they thought their lost little ones might really be hidden in the village, as Billy suggested, the two fought down their fears and timidly followed the children.

"Who are the red trappers? Are they Eskimos?" asked Peggy.

"No, the Eskimos live much farther north," honked the King of the Wild Geese. "The red trappers are Indians who spend their time hunting and trapping. No bird or creature dares go near them, for they slay or snare all who venture within their reach."

The village seemed asleep as they circled over it. There was no sign of life.

"I wish it were daytime so we could see plainly," said Billy, for while the sky glowed with the northern lights—shining from the window of Santa Claus's Christmas toy factory as the Wild Geese said—still there were dark shadows among the Indian tepees.

"If it were daytime the red trappers would see us and shoot us," honked the King.

"Maybe they shot my goslings. Oh, oh, oh!" honked the Beautiful Blue Goose.



Several figures appeared

"Sh-h-h-h! Be quiet! You'll wake up the Indians," warned Peggy, for the Wild Geese were honking at the tops of their voices.

Indeed as Peggy spoke they came an answering sound from the sleeping village—a drowsy, murmuring "honk-honk-honk!"

"My goslings! I hear your voices! Where are you? Where are you?" honked the Beautiful Blue Goose, not heeding Peggy's warning.

"Honk-honk-honk!" The murmur below grew into an excited clamor. "My little ones! Come to us," honked the King.

"Honk-honk-honk! Father! Mother!" honked young geese voices in reply.

"We are here—above the village! Fly to us swiftly!" honked the Beautiful Blue Goose.

"Honk-honk-honk! We cannot fly. Our wings are clipped. We are

captives in the pens of the red trappers." Thus answered the young geese.

"Alas! Alas! If you are captives we will become captives with you," honked the King of the Wild Geese. He and the Blue Goose, in spite of their fear of the red trappers, would have flown to join their goslings if Billy hadn't stopped them.

"Wait!" he said. "It would be silly for you to get caught, too. Maybe Peggy and I can figure out a way for you to save your little ones."

"Alas! how can they be saved if their wings are clipped?" replied the King, but he and the Blue Goose halted their mad rush toward the pens of the red trappers.

"Tell your children Peggy and I are coming to help them; tell them to stop all that noise," said Billy, who feared that the racket of the geese would alarm the Indians.

At that moment a dog began to bark and shouts arose from the tepees. Several figures appeared and "Bing! bang!" went guns. The red trappers thought the two geese and the feather airboats were flocks passing over their heads. They fired in the hopes of bagging a goose for breakfast.

But the light was so hazy the bullets missed, and Peggy, Billy, the King and Blue Goose flew to a safe distance, though not until the King had honked Billy's message to the goslings, telling them Peggy and Billy were coming to help them.

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy help the young wild geese to fly.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

An Answer to Two Letters

THE same mail brought me two letters from far distant points. They both asked the same question, and their problem is that of many women similarly placed I'll feature the answer.

Number one is a widow and has \$5000, which is all that she got from her husband's estate—he recently died. She thinks of buying a grocery store and wants my advice as to the advisability of doing so. She's had no store experience, although she used to be a bookkeeper before she married.

Number two is a maiden lady with \$30,000. She never did any work in her life, but the death of her only brother leaves her with cash, but no income. She is thinking of running a summer hotel and wants me to say whether it is a good plan.